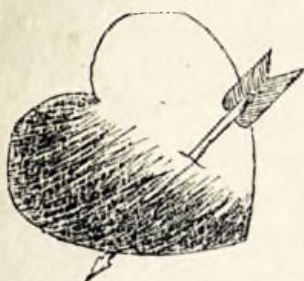


VOL. 1.

ST. VALENTINE.

No. 3.



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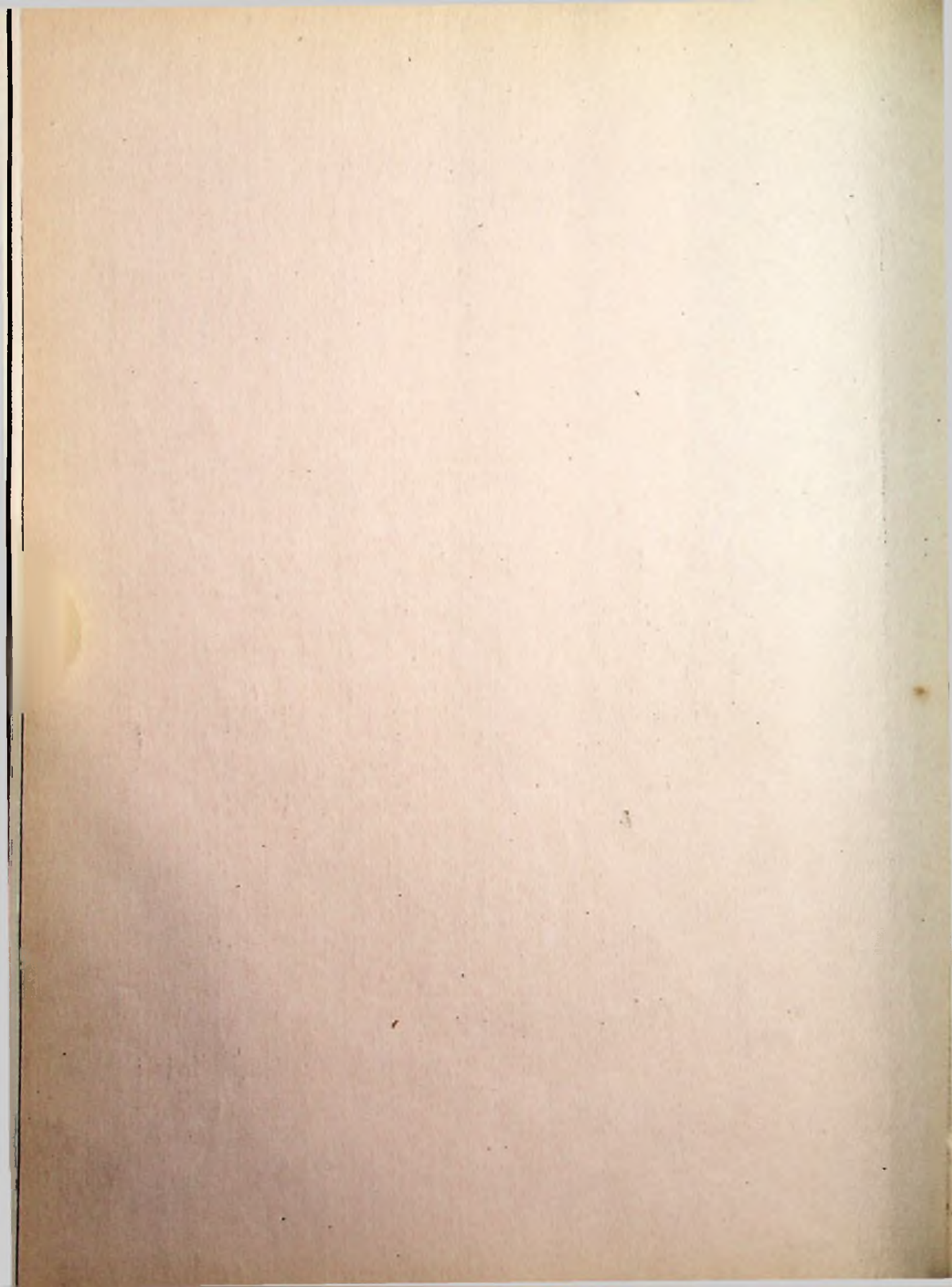


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Mansfield High School.





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The Moccasin.

As the Moccasin marked the path of the Indian through the forest, so it is intended that this paper shall mark the course of events in our High School. * * * * *

MANSFIELD PRINTING CO., MANSFIELD, OHIO.



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THE MOCCASIN

CONTENTS FOR NUMBER 3.

- | | | |
|-----|-------------------------------------|---------|
| 1. | THE ASSOCIATION DEBT | Page 5 |
| 2. | THE SKATERS - - - | Page 8 |
| 3. | PRIDE GOETH BEFORE
DESTRUCTION - | Page 9 |
| 4. | BRUTUS. - - - | Page 11 |
| 5. | ORNITHOLOGY. - - | Page 13 |
| 6. | AUTHOR OF WILMOT
PROVISO. - | Page 15 |
| 7. | SCHOOL SCENES. - | Page 17 |
| 8. | EDITORIALS. - . | Page 18 |
| 9. | LOCALS. - - - | Page 21 |
| 10. | ORGANIZATIONS. - | Page 23 |
| 11. | GRINDS. - - - | Page 25 |
| 12. | EXCHANGES. - - | Page 28 |



The Association Debt.

[BY WILSON TANNER.]

(This story was awarded first place in story contest, but was disqualified as author is member of staff.)

IT was a bright spring morning, about the first week in May, and the students of the Richfield High School were assembling for the morning session. Richfield was a town of perhaps twenty-five thousand, and the High School, which had an enrollment of near four hundred, was its pride. Glenn Foster, the editor of the High School paper, entering the school yard, was met by Herman Goodwin: "Why so grouchy this fine morning?" said Foster, noting the downcast look on his friend's face. "Reason enough," growled Goodwin in return, "I just saw Mr. McIntyre and he told me some bad news. Sit down on the wall here, and I'll tell you, it's about that Athletic Association debt." Then he went on with his story.

The foot ball season the fall before had not been a financial success; the home games had been poorly attended on account of bad weather, and when the team went away there had always been a necessary extra man or so to so to require more money; then the coach and the jerseys had cost much money, so it was that the end of the season found the association confronted with a debt of seventy dollars and fifty cents. The money had been advanced by three business men, Judge Jarvis and Mr. Holmes, who had advanced thirty dollars apiece, and Mr. Baldwin, who had advanced the rest.

Now, the first week in May, the money remained unpaid, and field day was coming. The three business men were becoming impa-

tient, so they had, at the school board meeting the night before, asked the board to secure the debt. This the board had done, but had also forbidden all further athletics until the debt was paid. There seemed to be no way to raise the money, but unless it was raised, field day, the largest event of the school year, would be prevented.

Mr. McIntyre, the principal, had just told Goodwin, who was president of the Athletic Association as well as associate editor of the paper, of the action of the board, and also assured him that there was no chance of the board rescinding its action.

"Well, what do you think of it, ever hear of worse luck? I can't think of any way to raise the money," said Goodwin. Foster sat for a minute with his chin resting in his hand, vacantly staring across the campus at the groups of students, who were gaily chatting away the few remaining moments before they must again resume their daily work. Then he spoke, his voice regaining some of its cheerfulness, "We can make the last issue of the paper a special, whose proceeds will go to pay that debt. We will make it an athletic number, and offer a prize for the best story relating to athletics."

"Well done, thou good and faithful servant, the very idea. We will get Raymond to work on ads. right away, and Fisher getting outside subscriptions. How much shall we make the prize?" answered Goodwin. "Five dollars, though in order to secure a really good story, we had better say that no story shall be awarded a prize unless it shall grade over ninety. I will see Miss Mercer and ask her to be chairman of the judges, she can choose her own associates." With that the boys parted.

The paper was to come out on the eighteenth, on which the last literary exercises of

the year were to be held, and a large crowd of visitors was expected to be present. On the eleventh Miss Mercer announced that, though six stories had been handed to her, not one graded the required ninety. A consultation was immediately held between Foster, Goodwin and Fisher. "Let the stories go at what we have, and give the prize to the best one; no one will know the difference," urged Fisher. But Foster refused, saying, "No, we have advertised a story that will grade over ninety, and that we must have, or announce that we have failed to produce it." "But that would kill the circulation," continued Fisher. Foster, however, remained firm. "Well, have your own way, I'm not responsible," was Fisher's parting shot.

On his way home Foster did some deep thinking. Then immediately after supper, giving orders that he should not be disturbed, went up-stairs to his room and sat down at his table. At two o'clock a person looking in the window would have seen a tired boy, head wrapped in a wet towel, rise from that same table, and with a sigh of satisfaction, carefully collect the papers thereon.

The next day the judges received the story Foster had written the night before. He had written of little Thomas, the right end of the foot ball team. The story had not been told before, partially on account of Thomas' modesty, partially on account of the bad effect it might have on athletics; only the team knew. The brave lad, although he had had two ribs broken in practice the preceeding night, letting no one know of his injury, had played the entire Thanksgiving game, and by a sensational sixty-five yard run, made the touchdown that won the game and the championship of the interscholastic league. People wondered why he did not return to school again that term.



That afternoon after school Fisher came to Foster and exclaimed, "Good news, old man, Miss Mercer just told me that the judges received a story this morning that graded the required ninety, in fact, ninety-three. Wonder who the author is?" and he executed a jig in his glee. "Never mind the author, quit acting crazy and let's get that story to the printers," answered Foster.

Raymond was notified that he was expected to get seventy dollars worth of ads, while Fisher was told that he was to make the sale of the papers net forty-five dollars. All went well until one afternoon when Foster, Raymond and Goodwin were at the printing office correcting proof. They came to a passage where a paragraph had been cut out. "Why did you cut that paragraph?" cried Raymond angrily, "that was the best part, you're a swell editor, you are." The passage had been cut on Mr. McIntyre's recommendation. "Wouldn't talk if I were you, you had sixty-one dollars worth of ads, and two days to get the other nine, and didn't," answered Foster hotly, then immediately wished he hadn't. Raymond, angrier than ever, throwing down his papers and contracts, said rashly, "If you don't like my work do it yourself," and walked out. Goodwin agreed to take up Raymond's work, and soon succeeded in getting ten dollars more in ads.

But the hardest part of the work was yet to come. Wednesday morning, the day before the paper came out, Foster went to the printing office. "Can't possibly get that paper out in time," was the remark with which the foreman greeted him. "But we must," was Foster's answer. Then he called Mr. McIntyre by 'phone, from whom he received permission to stay at the printing office all day. Then he 'phoned Fisher, who after receiving like permission, came down immediately.

All day long they worked, not even stopping for lunch, running errands, correcting proof, telling the foreman where to place his matter. After an hour for supper, they immediately returned. "Looks bad, my men are all done up, and unless we can find another man, we simply cannot possibly do the job," said the foreman. Fisher's brother, a reporter on one of the daily papers, came to the rescue, "I know where there is a man who will do the work," he said, then went out and in a half hour returned with the printer. The boys remained with the men until one o'clock, watchful lest the men should get tired and quit before the work was done.

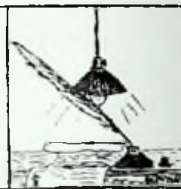
The next day Foster was at work at seven o'clock and Fisher followed in an hour. Everything was ready to run off, after which it remained only to fold and bind the paper. The boys could fold, put together and carry the parts to the binder. For lunch they had a sandwich. Towards three o'clock the papers were finished, then began a race to the school, for unless they reached it before three o'clock, all their work would be in vain. Red in the face, their breath coming in short, quick gasps, they deposited their papers on the table in the hall just as the first of the students came from the assembly room. Mr. McIntyre had made a strong plea for the cause, and the crowd was in a good humor, so the papers went fast.

After school a number of happy and excited students gathered in Mr. McIntyre's room to discuss the situation. Mr. McIntyre then told them the story of Foster's pluck and resolute and untiring work. Just as he finished Goodwin came in. "We will clear a little over eighty dollars," he cried. "He has saved your association and your field day," continued Mr. McIntyre. "Three cheers for Foster," cried some one, and they were given with a will. "But where is he?" queried another. At his desk, his head lying sideways on his folded arms and a relieved expression on his tired face, they found him, fast asleep.





❧ The Skaters. ❧



(BY STELLA UMBARGER.)

ONE afternoon, having nothing else to do, I started for a walk on one of the finest streets of our city. From where I stood, the street was a vista of white; the snow was deep on the street itself and lay in drifts upon the sloping lawns. The trees, with their naked branches extended over the street, were laden with white snow. The pines surrounding the house were ideal Christmas trees, with the fine sprinkling of glittering snow on their branches.

Occasionally a sleigh passed, with a merry jingle of sleigh bells. On the streets were merry groups, many hastening toward the lake, with skates slung over their shoulders. Just in front of me were a boy and girl, probably in the first year of High School. My attention was diverted from the winter landscape by a glimpse of their faces, and hearing a note of merry laughter as the boy made some remark to his companion.

He was of medium height, a well built, well dressed, and nicely acting boy. His hair was a very dark brown, his eyes were jet black, his face had plenty of color. He wore a dark suit and a bright skating cap. Two pair of skates were slung over his shoulders, from which I inferred that he had good manners.

His companion was a slender, graceful girl, not quite as tall as he. She wore a Norfolk suit of dark green, a scarlet tam o'shanter and golf

gloves, pretty beaver furs, and scarlet ribbons in her hair. She had a bright, merry face, and as she turned, I caught sight of her dimples, a sweet smile, and a pair of laughing brown eyes.

As my walk had no especial end in view, I followed them to the lake. I watched him as he led his companion to a rustic seat, and then gallantly knelt to put on her skates.

I saw the boy and girl start out upon the lake, and sat down in a pavilion to watch them. There were not many skating then, but these two by far excelled the rest. She, in a lithe, graceful way, he in strength and skill. It was pleasant to watch them; so gracefully they made the curves, so skillfully they avoided the other skaters.

The winter landscape, with the crystal expanse of the lake, the snow covered hills and fields, the trees drooping with their white burdens, and an occasional dark evergreen, made a fine background for the figures of the skaters.

Then the setting sun shot long rays of golden light through the purple clouds, across the lake, on snow covered hills and the skaters. For a few moments it was so, then the glory faded, the air became colder, and the day was ended.

I saw the boy and girl leave the lake, and start for home in the winter twilight.





Pride Goeth Before Destruction.



[BY LAURA VAN CLEVE]

(This Story won the Dollar Prize.)

RAYS of bright sunlight fell in gentle lines on the floor of a room in one of the dormitories of the Mernand Academy. They gently stroked the bent head of a boy as he sat in melancholy attitude on the window-seat and gazed out on the beautiful campus flooded with the warm September sun.

The brightness out doors seemed but a cruel mockery to the boy's downcast spirit and the light which played over the brown head seemed to be coaxing him to throw away the depressing mood which had come over him and join them in a frolic on the campus.

Wearily he turns away from the joyous scene and with bent head rapidly paces the room—while all sorts of plans pass through his brain.

"I declare it's a shame," he muttered to himself, "and I will have my revenge on that fellow—yes, revenge is sweet, and we will see if Tom Preston comes out ahead."

Such thoughts as these were chasing each other through Fred Harlam's brain as he walked to and fro. Was it pride or anger that fixed his resolve? Which ever it was, Fred's sense of justice revolted on the means employed to rob him of the Presidency of his class, an honor which he had fairly won by his long career as a leader in the school. He felt hurt and angry when the news came that Preston

had secretly gathered a few cronies and upon a sudden call of the class by a mere majority of a coterie had accomplished his purpose.

Fred was very popular in the school outside of a certain crowd, who called themselves the "Phinnies" and who gathered around Preston.

Preston got his ascendancy from the profuse spending of money. Fred on the other hand won his popularity, not only in the splendid work which he did in the class and athletic field, but in his own personal character.

As he walks the floor and muses all the pleasant memories of the past come rushing to his brain but after all comes the one memory of that one act which has so completely crushed his usually joyous spirit.

"I will see that Tom does not get ahead of me next Field day," he said to himself, "and oh! how I will work in the gym this winter."

His spirits began to rise and when the boys flocked into his room a few hours later they found him in his usual jolly mood and ready for any fun which might come along.

The bright days of September soon faded into the golden ones of October and then as the winter came on he spent much of his time in the gym, training, training for that one eventful day in the following May, when he could show Tom Preston a few things.



It was Fred's intention to go in for the mile run, which was to be the important event of the Field Day. His friends did not feel quite sure of his success as they had learned that Creston, the school with which they had this yearly contest on Field Day was strong in this one point. But some one had to go against Creston, and so it happened that Fred was the first chosen.

He went to work with a will, spurred on perhaps by the fact that Tom Preston was training for the run also. Fred was determined to make Tom pay dearly for his mean act by beating him in the run, and on the other hand Tom was just as anxious to get ahead of Fred.

The race was a combination event. Under its conditions the school which sent two out of four runners first across the line was winner, and no matter how advanced one runner might be, it was just as necessary for the second man of his team to cross the line as for himself.

Slowly the weeks and days passed on to May. The boys had begun to prepare for the greatest of all events of the school year.

Field Day was set for the 25th of May and as it grew nearer the time, Fred grew anxious as to the outcome of his plan. Some days he felt almost sure of winning, and yet at other times he felt discouraged and grew discontented.

The 25th of May dawned at last,—an ideal Field Day—the sun shining its best and not a rain cloud could be seen. The track had been kept in fine condition and this promised to be one of the most exciting and closely contested events which they had had for years. The stand was packed with spectators for this yearly contest was looked forward to with much pleasure by many friends of the two Academies.

Fred gazed at the crowd of people with fast beating heart. Would the shouts of victory be for Mernand, when the day was over? Oh! he hoped so. He hoped so. Would the handkerchiefs and hats wave for him? He did not dare even to hope—but trusted to luck.

The mile run was called, the boys were on the track ready to go and waiting expectantly for the signal.

The pistol shot was given and they darted forward. Two of Creston's men darted ahead and incautiously two of Mernand's. Fred and Tom knew better—and knowing that the race was yet to come saved their strength for the final struggle.

Those that had first darted ahead soon fagged out, until finally two Creston boys and Fred and Tom were nearing the goal. On, on they sped, no one could tell which was the better runner. Now the Creston boy was ahead, now Tom and now Fred, with a second Creston runner a dozen yards behind the bunch.

But as they came panting down the home stretch, Fred noticed that Tom breathed hard and seemed to stumble in running. The second Creston boy was gaining, he must not get ahead and Creston No. 1 was at their heels.

What was to be done? Here was Tom giving out. Thoughts flashed through Fred's brain like lightning. If he, Fred would cross the line first there would be glory for him—but Mernand would lose the day. Would he let foolish pride check his loyalty to his school? And yet Preston had treated him in a mean way.

He looked back at Tom, yes, he was beginning to totter—the Creston boy was even with him and they were nearly at the end of the run, with the second Creston boy six yards behind.



In a moment loyalty to his school had conquered all and just before they reached the line Fred dropped back of Preston, pushed him over the line and fell down beside him just as Creston No. 1 stumbled on them. Mernand had won the day! The people could not at first find out what had been done. Some thought that Fred had cheated, but the truth was soon made known and there were many shouts from loyal throats for Fred as they carried him unconscious from the track.

The laurels truly belonged to him, but he could not at first make out why the boys flocked around him.

Dazed he sat and gazed at those about him, and then he heard a familiar voice.—“Fred!

Fred! old fellow, what made you do it, and after the mean way in which I treated you.”

It was Tom, who had just found out how it came that they had won, and had come now to ask Fred's forgiveness.

They talked a long time, Tom trying to make amends and Fred trying generously to wipe out the past from his memory.

But the crowd outside was clamoring for Fred and he must go. As the two boys walked out of the club house door together, Fred turned and said in a low voice, “Pride goeth before destruction, Tom, and may it never trouble you as it has me today.”

In answer Tom warmly grasped his hand.



Brutus.



[BY MARY EIERLE.]

CAN it be possible that any true American patriot can say “Brutus was noble.” It appears to me a pure violation of the word “noble.” For was not Brutus one of the most disloyal friends who ever lived? Was he not a traitor to the cause of his country? Was he not conceited, vain-glorious, pompous?

Little did Cæsar think, when he ordered his commanders to kill Brutus by no means, in battle, but suffer him to escape rather than do him violence, that he would ever dare lay violent hands upon him. In addition to this Cæsar had nominated him to the governorship of Macedonia and had secured his election above Cassius, although the latter had by far,

fairer pretensions. He had always favored Brutus, and was, perhaps, the only member in the senatorial party in whom Cæsar felt genuine confidence. Cæsar's acknowledged regard for him, made his accession to the conspiracy an object of particular importance. Brutus had sworn to be faithful to Cæsar, as had also the rest sworn, and an oath was not a thing to be trifled with; but he was a fanatical republican, a man of gloomy habits, given to dreams and omens, and easily liable to be influenced by appeals to visionary triplexes.

The weakness of Brutus is plainly shown, when he yields to the avaricious and ambitious Cassius, and does not discern the flattery of

Cassius, but rather takes it as praise and honor. Brutus once wrought upon, became, with Cassius, the most ardent in the cause which assumed the aspect of a sacred duty. They erred greatly in thinking that Rome could be saved by establishing a republican form of government, as if the prosperity of a state depended on its form, and as if the individual could restore the lost morality by a magic word. The noble minded (?) and disinterested Brutus together with Cassius thought themselves strong enough to control the course of events. Thus in their career, error was associated with presumption, and they doubly deserved the end to which they came.

Brutus had no private quarrel with Cæsar, but went into the conspiracy with a pretension of gaining liberty for his country. If Brutus committed a noble deed for the welfare of his country, why was not the wretch and fiend, Czolgosz, crowned with wreaths of laurel for his brutal and hellish crime of pouring forth the life blood of our beloved president? Was it not under like circumstances? Brutus boasted that he was compelled to commit the deed for the prosperity and welfare of Rome. Czolgosz, likewise declared, just before he met his end, that his country needed the death of republican government. Did they not both seek it with the same means? On the other hand it was against the eternal counsels of God. This was evident, by the heavens being greatly wrought up, by the shaking of the earth, by the frequent flashes of lightning, and by the noise of thunder, on the night previous to the assassination of a great hero.

In any case, why is it the ghost of Cæsar appeared to Brutus, whose designs, apparently, at least, were so pure and noble? Because, though they appeared to be such, they were not so in reality, the design was not really pure, which has for its first step so arrogant a violation of the sacred vows of friendship.

In comparing Brutus' and Antony's speech, concerning Cæsar, Antony is by far the superior, as he appeals to the hearts and the feelings of the Roman citizens, which is a wise and judicious act. Brutus on the contrary, displays weakness, by appealing to honor, honor, honor, throughout the entire speech. He again showed little wisdom, when he was engaging in the final battle which was to decide everything. When he failed, he did not gather up courage to face the future, whether it be dark or bright, a path of thorns, or a bed of roses, but gave up and abandoned his hopes, as Pompey did, when he had still means to rely on.

Lastly, the question arises, why did Dante, a great Italian writer of a later age, in his famous work, "Inferno," picture Brutus as in the lowest circles of Hell? Does not this stand as a strong evidence that Brutus was not regarded as having such pure and noble motives as he claimed for himself? Instead of this he acquired what he justly deserved, disgrace, shame, a death that no great one, as Cæsar, would envy, and finally the lowest place in Hell.

A Little Love Story.

A dreamer and a man of action loved a woman.

The dreamer said: "I shall write verses in her praise; they will touch her vanity, and she will love me for them."

But the man of action said: "How old-fashioned! I shall corner the stock market, and that will bring her."

So the dreamer wrote verses, and induced a friend of his, who ran a ten-cent magazine to print them. And the man of action cornered something or other and became a billionaire.

In the meantime the girl married a man who inherited his money, and they lived happily ever after.

But the dreamer was so proud of his verses that he didn't care: and the man of action was so busy that he didn't care.

The only one to suffer was the man she married —Smart Set.





Ornithology.



(Genus Naughtyflourus.)

(BY WOODWARD BIRDCRAFT.)

CHAPTER II.

IN WHICH A FEW MORE BIRDS ARE OBSERVED
AND DESCRIBED.

The ornithologist continues to roam the Woods of Wisdom and to observe the doings of all creatures.

The other day he wandered up to Warden Soyecz's Lodge. We have a great mind to inform the Audubon Society of the doings of this good Warden. In days ago, thirty ounces of Latin Suet was considered a *big* meal; but the other morning we *saw* her dish out *thirty-five and one-half ounces* to those stuffed birds. It is all very well to feed those birds, but it is not good to stuff them.

THE RAVEN.

(Ralphis Yardlis.)

It was one of those 'mudway-aushka,' mushy, damp, slushy, slippery days where one-half of the atmosphere was water, that, coming out the West Park Trail, I espied, in the mist and fog ahead, the black figure of that dark and gloomsome, ill-forboding pessimist, THE RAVEN, (*Ralphis Yardlis, oder der Vogel des Unglucks.*)

"Caw, caw, miserable weather, miserable weather," cawed he, "I believe this town has the most miserable weather on earth." Then cawed he on, "Most miserable misery! What a miserable place is this so-called 'Good-food Crossing.' I wish I needn't eat here any more. Caw, caw, caw! Wish I hadn't mi-

grated to this part of the woods. Wish I had stayed the winter in Columbus Woods. I'm a miserable pessimist. Caw, caw, caw!"

This bird had better take to "looking on the bright side." We often see a twinkle in his eye. "Let it grow."

THE WREN.

(Irwinis Priestis.)

This diminutive bird is just four inches in length, the smallest bird we have. Yet, notwithstanding his small dimensions, this bird seems to think he has a great mind and everybody else knows he has a great mouth.

His chattering is particularly noticeable in Warden Hill's Lodge, where he often lends his voice to the loud noise made by the Rooster.

In Warden Anderson's Lodge he chatters and chatters and criticizes all the other birds, many of whom have declared him a nuisance. His principal article of diet is the geometrical canker worm, of which he still devours large numbers, but not so many as he did about ten or twelve moons ago. The Wren and the Rooster make a great noise in Warden Hall's room, but the racket is often interrupted by a ponderous "Who-oo, Who!" from the Great Horned Owl.

THE GREAT HORNED OWL.

(Rais Cahallis.)

Here is the king of the Owl Tribe, a bird that stands well with all the Wardens, a bird that never goes off at a tangent, a very digger



after wisdom. He is not a one-sided creature like the explosive, excitable little Wren.

THE GREAT HORNED OWL is a very dignified sort of a bird and his Who-oo is seldom heard unless he has something to say.

Having now dealt at some length with the ponderous serious side of this bird's nature we will consider him otherwise.

To start with we must make the startling statement that this bird can change his voice so as to become a regular nightingale. This changing of voice is a great phenomenon and we think Prof. Hall should make a study of it and write up a result of his investigations for some scientific paper.

As if not satisfied with becoming a sweet singing nightingale, this bird becomes a regular dunce and sings the most silly, absurd songs to the other birds when assembled on Fridays. However he is not alone in this silliness, but is assisted by the MOCCASIN BIRD (*Wilsonis Tanneris*), *Malcomis Plattis*, and the ROOSTER (*Jacobis Oldis*).

But hold, we have not done with the sweet side of this bird's nature. This, at first, dignified, solemn looking bird, has some time since fallen in love. The object of his affections is *Helenis Endlis*; and he is said to be a most devoted and ardent wooer.

THE BURROWING OWL.

(*Ellis Piferis*.)

Here is an Owl not satisfied with any superficial knowledge. If it were not for spoiling all zoological classification we would call this Owl a first cousin to the book-worm. The ordinary Burrowing Owl burrows in the earth; this one, in her books. Not satisfied with maintaining a good standing, she must needs get "a hundred."

WILSON'S THRUSH.

(*Marqueritis Hurstis*.)

WILSON'S THRUSH is a very modest unassuming little creature.

Nettie Blanchan in "Bird Neighbors" says this of the bird: "To many of us the veery, as they call Wilson's Thrush in New England, is merely a voice, [We might insert, not a very loud one], a sylvan mystery, reflecting the sweetness and wildness of the forest, a vocal 'Will-o'-the-wisp' that, after enticing us deeper and deeper into the woods, where we sink into the spongy moss of its damp retreats and become entangled in the wild grape-vines twined about the saplings and underbrush, still sings to us from unapproachable tangles. Plainly, if we wish to see the bird, we must let it seek us out on the fallen log where we have sunk exhausted in the chase."

We give this somewhat extended quotation to show what may have been the experience of Wilson, the ornithologist who discovered this bird. Think of him sinking exhausted on that log; and then of that delightful little bird coming and singing to him.

THE MOCCASIN BIRD.

(*Wilsonis Tanneris*.)

It was in the harvest moon that this bird left the woods about the west end of the Lake of the Eries and migrated to our country.

Personally, the MOCCASIN BIRD is a very agreeable, good sort of fellow; but he is wonderous prone to get love sick, is said to be very easy and is very sentimental in his love affairs. He likes to display his knowledge, and in Warden Hill's Lodge he just "bubbles over." This is the bird the Great Spirit sent



to make Moccasins for the children of men, and to be the mouthpiece of other creatures. (It is not known how *Wilsonis* persuaded the Great Spirit to do this.) This is the great, exalted, paramount ED-I-TOR-IN-CHIEF. This is the bird that tells other editors that their Moccasins would be improved by painting

pictures on them, but we have never yet noticed the lavish illustrations on his own. But, however much we criticise, still, it is to be hoped and believed that his Moccasin will grow and become a power in the school. It is also to be hoped that as this bird grows older his softness will be outgrown.

Author of Wilmot Proviso.

[BY KARL WHEELER.]

NOT all famous men are or have been really great, much less have all noble, wise and great men been famous; many of our wisest and best citizens, some of whom have bestowed an everlasting benefit on our country, have passed away into obscurity, comparatively unknown, except in the immediate vicinity of their homes.

Lying interred in the necropolis of our city are the remains of a man, who, although practically unknown beyond the boundaries of his state, was the composer of a measure which directly enhanced the happiness of thousands of human beings, and which indirectly affected the greatest struggle ever contested by human force—The Rebellion.

This was Hon. Jacob Brinkerhoff, author of the "Wilmot Proviso" which, passed in 1845, in the language of the Ordinance of 1797, "prohibited slavery or involuntary servitude except as a punishment for crime" in the territory then recently acquired from Mexico.

Mr. Brinkerhoff, born in Niles, Cayuga county, New York, August 31, 1810, was, on his father's side, of Holland descent, his ancestor, Yoris Brinkerhoff, having come from

Holland in 1638. His mother, Rachel Bevier, was the daughter of Huguenot parents. Thus the sturdy perseverance on the one side and the conscientiousness on the other, so firmly blended in this one man, laid the foundation for the constancy and justness of his character for which he was so well known.

The earlier part of his career was spent in the public schools and in the academy at Prattsburg. In 1834 he began studying law in the office of Howell & Bro., Bath, N. Y. Here he remained until 1836, when he removed to Mansfield, Ohio, where he resided until his death July 11, 1880.

In 1837 he was admitted to the bar, in which profession he was very efficient, and according to some of his professional friends possessed remarkable oratorical abilities. In 1839 he was elected prosecuting attorney of Richland county, which office he held until 1843, when he was elected to congress.

During his term in congress, the war with Mexico having closed, the question arose whether slavery should be admitted in the vast territory acquired from Mexico. Mr. Brinkerhoff, although adhering to the funda-



mental principles of the Democratic party, believed in the suppression of slavery. He, with several other political friends, decided to bring a measure before the House prohibiting slavery in said territory. However, it was necessary to be recognized by the speaker. Mr. Brinkerhoff having written the Proviso, several were reproduced and distributed among his friends, one of whom was David Wilmot of Pennsylvania. It was previously arranged that all should rise at the same instant and simultaneously cry out, "Mr. Speaker," the one fortunate in being recognized by him was to introduce the bill. Hon. David Wilmot happened to be the man and the Proviso has passed into history with Wilmot's name attached instead of Mr. Brinkerhoff's, which by right of authorship should have been so attached.

At the close of his congressional career Mr. Brinkerhoff returned to the practice of his profession in Mansfield, which was successfully conducted until 1866, when he was elected to the Supreme bench of the State of Ohio, in which position he labored faithfully and justly for three terms, till 1871. After returning to Mansfield he again resumed his professional labors till within a few years of his death. His health failing him, he retired from active life and lived quietly with his family at his home on West Fourth street of this city.

He was a man of strictest integrity and constancy. Once in the latter part of the fifties, having fallen from favor in the Democratic party, because of his zealous opposition to slavery, he was asked by Gen. Brinkerhoff if it were not better to eliminate the question of slavery from his political action; he replied, "No, I would rather live that my grandchildren should know that I upheld and adhered to the abolition of slavery, than to become president of the United States." On

the occasion of another talk with Gen. Brinkerhoff he gave his opinion of what a judge should be, saying it was expressed in the prayer of the burgomasters of the borough of New Amsterdam. This prayer acknowledged the incompetency of man to perform unaided the serious functions of a judge justly, and asked for the realization of the fact that they were accountable to God and not to man for their decisions, and according to the statement of several of his personal friends, he endeavored to shape his course coincident with his opinion.

Mr. Brinkerhoff's reason became deranged a couple years before his death, and at times he scarcely recognized or even remembered his most intimate friends.

Hon. Samuel Kirkwood, of Iowa, who formerly belonged to the bar of this city, called on Mr. Brinkerhoff. The Judge not recognizing his name or face, Mr. Kirkwood asked if he remembered certain persons, associates of former days, but the Judge's mind could recall none. At last Mr. Kirkwood asked if he remembered Judge Brinkerhoff. He studied a few moments, "Judge Brinkerhoff," he said, "Judge Brinkerhoff, ah, yes, I remember him, he was a just judge." These few words uttered at a time when his mental activity had ceased to be governed by his will satisfactorily proves that he had not voluntarily committed a wrong or disobeyed dictates of his conscience. When the angel of death summoned him he eagerly accepted the tidings and with no misgivings or tears he went back to his Creator, and it certainly would be well if we should endeavor to emulate them as who stands out just and noble and more than worthy of all honor given him.





School Scenes.



[BARNEY FORD.]

EDITORS' NOTE:—Mr. Hall has advised that some one write an article on "School Scenes."
One of us has been inspired by his advice.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Scene: Guard Hughes' dungeon.

Any old time.

Enter, slowly and loathingly, D. 1's.

Guard Hughes stands at door with a Colt (caliber unknown) protruding from his left gun pocket.

Prisoners enter *quietly* (?) Lockwood "joyously" anticipating the coming lesson.

Guard Hughes: (Beginning agony) "I will give you only a short lesson for tomorrow. You may take from page 200 to page 250, and ten pages in review. Now we will hear from prisoner No. 2, who will tell us about mountains."

No. 2 was Miller Colwell, "the boy wonder," who told in ten words what he knew about mountains.

Guard Hughes: "No. 225, can you add anything to the recitation?"

No. 225: (Jerry Cave, sent up for throwing snow-balls) "No ma'am."

Guard Hughes: "No. 330!"

No. 330: (L. Brinkerhoff, doing time for whispering in the hall) "Nothing."

Guard Hughes: "No. 218."

No. 218: (M. Castor, up for chewing gum) "I don't think of anything now."

Guard Hughes: "But now is when I want it!"

Rest of catiffs: "Ha! ha!"

Guard Hughes: (drawing gun) "Silence!"

SCENE II.

Enter Chief Warden Hall.

W. Hall and G. Hughes engage in a short discussion about the parole of No. 346 (Marshie

Sturges, who was sent up for comparing answers with Bernice Finney.)

Exit Hall. Enter Chester Ditwiler thinking how to copy in test and not be seen. He presents G. Hughes with his autobiography, written while in solitary confinement, and with a deep bow, in which he showed a "Nick Carter" in his hip-pocket, left the room.

Guard Hughes: "No. 75 tell us about avalanches."

No. 75: (Anna Johnston, sent up for talking between bells in Guard Brown's room) "Avalanches are —."

A roaring noise was heard in the back of the room.

Guard Hughes: (Jumping up and drawing gun,) "What is that?"

It proved to be No. 1126, "Lucy Corey," serenely sleeping the period away.

No. 2: (Rising) "What are earthquakes?"

Guard Hughes: "We had that once and you should know it. One day in the sweat box for not knowing it."

No. 2 is squelched.

Guard Hughes: "Beside our regular lesson for tomorrow, Nos. 8, 27, 49 and 886 will have outside work."

No. 8: (Pearl Fisher) will have to find out about the terrible eruption of Ashland Hill.

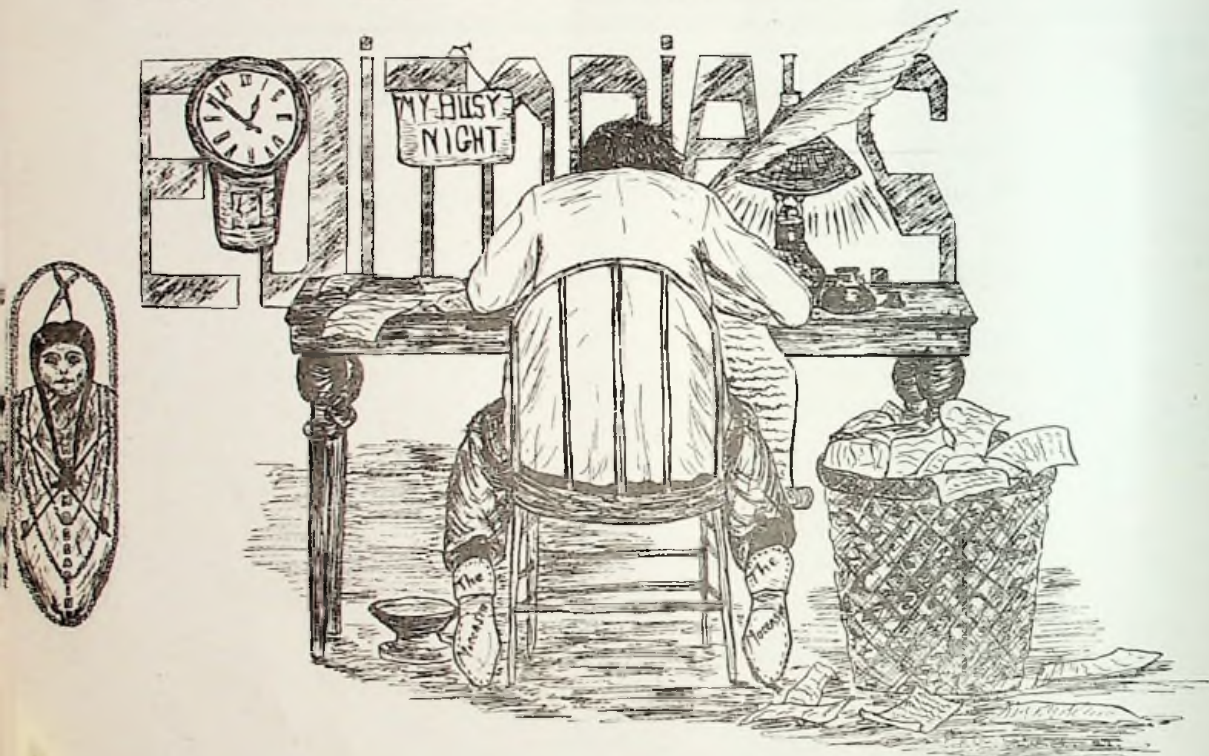
No. 27: (Geo. Stoodt) will find about the fish in Central Park and their habits.

No. 49: (Paul Tappan) about the awful flood of Toby's Run, Dec. 16, 1776.

No. 886: (Cecelia Shires) about the inhabitants of Alta and their occupations."

1:40 Signal. Prisoners leave for parts unknown. Curtain.





THE MOCCASIN.

STAFF:

WILSON TANNER,	Editor-in-Chief.
BURKE BROWN,	Business Manager.
MEDARY STARK,	Associate.
PORTIA MENGERT,	Literary Editor.
MALCOLM PLATT,	Circulation Manager.
INEZ PATTERSON,	Grind Editor.

Contributions solicited from undergraduates. Contributions must be written neatly, with ink, on one side of paper only, and will be accepted solely with regard to merit and the need of the paper.

Address Exchanges and Communications to Wilson Tanner, Mansfield, Ohio.

This issue of THE MOCCASIN comes to you as a Valentine. Hope you like it, as no expense or labor has been spared to make it the best issue of the year so far.

One half of our school year is gone. Some of us have done well, some have not. The rest of the year let us all do good work. The school as a whole has made great advancement.

We are very sorry that we were unable to get out the Christmas issue complete. Getting out a paper requires time, and when you remember that we had but three weeks to get out that issue, you will realize the difficulties in our way. This time, however, we are giving you a better number, for which we hope you will forgive our ill-luck in getting out the last issue.

* * *

During the last three weeks the birthday's of many great men have passed almost unheralded—those of William McKinley, William Tecumseh Sherman, Abraham Lincoln, and James Russell Lowell. This shows a lack of patriotism. Washington's birthday occurs the twenty-second, and Longfellow's the twenty-seventh of this month. Let us not forget these men who did so much for our country's good.

* * *

We would call attention to the cuts in this issue. They show that there is much drawing talent in the High School. We are proud of the fact that our boys can do so well. We had five designs for a cover, from which we were scarcely able to choose one, as all were good. Our thanks are especially due to Edward Caldwell, who has not only drawn well, but has drawn much. If everyone in the school possessed of a like spirit, there would be no question about the success of the paper.

* * *

Many students do not understand the method of conducting a story contest; it is for the benefit of such that we explain. First, the contest is announced and the date of its closing

is set. Then the stories are handed to the editor unsigned, but numbered. The signatures are placed in sealed envelopes, which are given the same numbers as the stories to which they belong. On the date of closing, the stories are handed to the judges, who are of course ignorant of the names of the authors. The judges then decide on the merits of the several stories, after which the envelopes are opened, and the prize, unless the author is a member of the staff, is awarded to the story taking first place. There were five stories in the contest just finished, of which we publish three. We thank the members of the school who entered the contest, for the interest they took in the paper.

* * *

On the twentieth of this month occurs the Oratorio, "Ruth." This is the occasion for which we have watched and trained so long. Now that it is here, let us make it a success. Professors Van Cleve and Powers have done all they can, and now to use a slang phrase, "It's up to us." Remember, we are making a reputation for our school, and we want it to be a good one. The proceeds will go to various High School organizations, primarily to the Athletic Association to apply on its debt, a matter of some forty odd dollar. But before there can be any proceeds, expenses, which will amount to near a hundred and fifty dollars, must be paid. To make the affair a success, the support of every member of the school must be had, both moral and financial; the chorus wisl do its part. Talk of the affair to your friends and neighbors.



SCENE:—In the Senior Cloak Room.

TIME:—Three minutes after last bell. Enter all the girls with a rush, pulling off coats as they come. Each slams her hat and coat on a hook.

THERE:—Mad rush for mirror.

1st Girl:—"Oh dear! my hair!

2nd Girl:—"Your hair looks just fine. If it looked like mine, you might complain. Do let me see a minute."

3rd Girl:—"O let me see my hair just for a second! My curls are all out."

2nd Girl:—"Your hair just looks alright."

3rd Girl:—"O yes!" (sarcastically.)

4th Girl:—"Actually, girl, you've been before that mirror for half an hour. Give me a chance."

5th Girl:—"I had the *worst* time with my hair this morning. It just looks like a cyclone. O! let me see a little bit."

3rd Girl:—"Do get out of my way. I can't see a thing. O, please stop pushing."

6th Girl:—"Well, do hurry up. It's time for the signal. No sir! it's my time next." (to another girl trying to push in.)

5th Girl:—"Girl, don't sit in front of me. I can't see through you."

6th Girl:—"Nell, you're taller than I am, look over my shoulder."

5th Girl:—"I won't, it's bad luck."

7th Girl:—(Pushing in) "O girls, get out of my way! Let me see."

Miss Hill:—"Girls, you must get to your seats. It is time for the signal."

(Mad rush for seats.)



SCENE:—GUARD HILL'S CELL.

TIME:—10:40, 11:30 A. M.

The C class enters slowly and takes their usual seats of torture. A dead silence pervades the scene broken by the death yell of expiring time, killed by the D's in the rear of the room.

Guard Hill begins the torture by calling on prisoner No. 218, (J. Wise.) This prisoner was sent up for murdering the English language and after badly mangling a few sentences, he is stopped by Guard Hill.

(Exit to library, Doc Baughman.)

Prisoner No. 198, (Jessie H.) is next put on the rack. He was sent up for missing his Latin lesson after taken Prisoner No. 19 (Lela B.) to a free show the night before. After flunking gracefully he sits down. (A sharp reprimand from Guard Hill.)

(Enter Doc Baughman, returning from library.)

Prisoner No. 1 (Frank Mahurin) next steps into the sweat box and after a sharp encounter with Guard Hill he is severely wounded by a sharp reproof. He is taken to the Emergency Hospital (Chief of Police Hall's office) and is afterwards sent home.

A deep snore from Prisoner No. 3, (Fred H.) interrupted by censure from Guard Hill.

A sudden noise is heard in the eastern part of the room which is found to be the wheels working in Prisoner No. 4's (W. M.) head. Some axle grease is put on and the recitation continues.

(Guard Hughes enters with a revolver in hand in quest of some prisoners who had escaped with a few cocoa beans. The search being successful recitation begins again.)

A religious question arises and Guard Hill immediately calls on Prisoners 8, 9, 10. These prisoners were sent up for being preachers' children and as a punishment are asked every question that comes up concerning anybody or thing in the Bible.

Prisoner No. 8 (C. L.) flunks.

Ditto No. 9 (O. M.).

Prisoner No. 10 (M. C.) answers.

Disgusted look on No. 8's face.

(First grade prisoner C. Jelliff enters having forgotten his box of paints.)



A faint squeak is heard in the north-east corner of the room and Guard Hill rushes for speaking tube. After talking awhile with the office she turns again to the class.

Signal rings and prisoners rush for grub house with Guard Hill's musical voice ringing in their ears, "Small lesson for tomorrow, only twelve pages."

Curtain.

The Soph's Seat.

A Sophomore tall, with lots of gall,
Did wander from his seat,
And in the hall Professor Hall,
The "Soph" did chance to meet.
The "Soph" so bold, who'd oft been told,
That the Prof. was weak of eye,
With rubber band stretched in his hand,
A paper wad let fly.
The "Soph" was wrong, the Prof. was strong,
The youth was fairly "beat,"
The Prof.'s big hand did nine times land
Upon the Sophomore's "seat." Exc.--

Locals.

On Dec. 9, 1902, Prof. Boyd, of the Ohio State University, was here inspecting the work of the school. He left apparently satisfied.

* * * *

Our third literary took place Friday afternoon, Dec. 12th. As is shown by the attendance of visitors, the interest in this department of the school is increasing. Of the program, the declamation by Charles Barton, and the oration by Madge Courtney were the best performances, while those by Roy Carl and Gertrude Abbott deserve especial mention. The

vocal solo by Raymond Cahall was a fitting climax to the occasion. The program :

March.....High School Orchestra
Declamation
The Black Horse and His Rider,... Charles Barton
Oration
One of the Makers of Ohio,..... Roy Carl
Piano Solo
March—*Funebre-Chopin*,.....Charles M. Jelliff
Declamation
Early Rising,.....Mariel Aberle
Music
Chorus—Home of Freedom,..... High School
Oration
Elizabeth Cady Stanton,..... Madge Courtney
Music—Violin
Blue Bells of Scotland,..... Edna Fidler
Declamation
The Boys,.....Gertrude Abbott
Quartet
Whipperwill—*Weston*.... Will Fritz, Bennie Loeb,
Osborne Meese, Harry Deyarmon
Debate
Is There any Foundation for a Belief in Luck,
Dreams and Presentment?
Affirmative,.....Inez Patterson
Negative,.....Zora Andrews
Vocal Solo
Tally Ho,.....Raymond Cahall
March,..... High School Orchestra

* * * *

The officials tendered the school a treat in the way of a farce Friday, Dec. 19th, the last school day of the year. It seemed to be enjoyed by the students who are grateful to the faculty for their kindness. The farce, which was a burlesque on the modern jury system, showing the quality of material in the modern jury, was well executed, except that some of the characters spoke indistinctly. The boys were very well adapted to their parts. The caste:

Peleg Precise, Foreman,.....R. Cahall
Job Timorous,..... F. Maburin
Jacob Doubtful,.....J. Old



Abe Strongfist,.....G. Cooke
 Jarvis Jolley,.....B. Ford
 Solomon Snoball,.....C. Angle
 Dennis O'Rouke,.....W. Fritz
 Nathan Shor,.....H. Deyarmon
 Enos Punch,.....C. Lindley
 Brazen Blower,.....M. Stark
 Peter Punster,.....L. Brinkerhoff
 Simeon Slow,.....S. Cline

* * * *

January 16th was the date of the fourth Literary. This program was marred somewhat by non-attention caused by low speaking. The program as a whole was good, except the rendering thereof as stated above. Once or twice a hiss was heard; such an action is disgraceful to our school. If you don't like the performance don't play the rowdy, but keep still and bear it like a gentleman.

The piano solo by Walter Jeliff was much enjoyed. The program:

March,.....High School Orchestra
 Declaration
 John Maynard,.....Dwight Bair
 Oration
 John Sherman,.....Jay Gates
 Declaration
 An Old Sweetheart of Mine,.....Bertha Barr
 Music
 Waltz—A Lady of Quality,..High School Orchestra
 Essay
 The Painter of Baby Stuart,.....Mabel Felger
 Piano Solo
 Sweet Remembrance—Bendel,.....Walter Jeliff
 Essay
 J. Fennimore Cooper,.....Howard Eyerly
 Oration
 Beginning Right,.....Arthur Beck
 Music
 The Nightingale,.....Apollo Quartet
 Debate :—Resolved that Football is Brutal.
 Affirmative—James Edmonds, Mae Jackson.
 Negative—Lynne Cunningham, Hazel Zellner.
 March,.....High School Orchestra

President Pierce, of Kenyon College, led the morning exercises and spoke to the school in the auditorium during the opening period of the morning of January 20th. He made a very pleasant speech which was appreciated by the students. We will always be glad to see you, Dr. Pierce.

* * * *

Literary number five happened the afternoon of January 30th. It marked the advent of "The Medicine Man." The order was perfect and the program very good. The students seem to be gaining more self-possession. The debate was, to use a slang phrase, the "best yet." A well executed extempore by Flora Beck was a novel feature. In a nut-shell, it was the best program of the year. The program:

March,.....High School Orchestra
 Declaration
 It's Morgan's,.....Lois Emery
 Oration
 A Defense of the Coal Strike,.....Richie Grove
 Declaration
 True Americanism,.....Homer Howard
 Vocal Solo
 If We Could only Bring Back the Past,....Joe Weil
 Declaration
 In the Far East,.....Lela Beall
 School Paper
 The Medicine Man—
 Editors: Mae Fisher, Malcom Platt
 Declaration
 The Angels of Buena Vista,.....Blanche Campbell
 Piano Duette
 Fanfare—Carl Bohn, Mabel Felger, Marie Brumfield
 Declaration
 Success in Life,.....Ira Flocken
 Extempore
 Why Should Music and Drawing be Taught in
 Public Schools?.....Flora Beck
 Music
 If,.....Apollo Quartet
 Debate
 Resolved :—That Chinese Immigration to the Philipines Should be Encouraged.
 Aff.—Irwin Priest, Portia Mengert.
 Neg.—Leroy Pool, Mary Eberle.





[Extract from the Diary of a Youthful aspirant to Literary
[Honors.]

A wonderful night! ah, a glorious night was that of the 14th of January; indeed all nature had seemingly conspired to render this festal occasion of the Senior Class one of ecstatic joy.

The silver lamp of the heavens and thousands of lesser lights which bestud the spacious firmament shed their benign radiance on the joyous scenes; in twin myriads of sparkling diamond crystals enfolding the earth in a robe of resplendent jewels, vied with one another in reflecting the splendor above them. Over this carpet of dazzling whiteness sped a bob-sled (in vain have we searched for a more classic term,) whose utmost capacity was occupied by our merry throng of youth and maidens. Often tuneful notes of song floated upon the night air, or silvery peels of laughter woke the slumbering hills.

On reaching the village the peaceful lethargy of the inhabitants thereof was somewhat disturbed by the lusty shouts for M. H. S. enthusiastically reiterated by its representatives. On arriving at our destination we were greeted by the most incomprehensible, inexpressible intermixture of conglomerate odors which we later discovered to have emanated from just as inconceivable, indescribable as well as indefensible conglomeration of delicacies. The succeeding hours were whiled away in a manner befitting the aesthetic inclinations of the assembled individuals. In due season our gay company departed and we arrived at our paternal abodes at that time when the setting stars gave warning that Aurora was just about to usher in the day.

The Junior Class began the New Year well. On January 9th, 1903, the class met in Miss Ruess' room and elected officers. The meeting was well attended and the spirit was one of en-

thusiasm and good will. The election resulted in the election of Ray Cahall, President; Irwin Priest, Vice-President; Malcolm Platt, Secretary; Jacob Old, Treasurer and Leroy Pool, Sergeant-at-Arms. A constitutional committee consisting of Wilson Tanner, Irwin Priest and Leroy Pool was appointed and instructed to report the next Monday.

Monday, Jan. 12th, the class met to receive the report of the constitutional committee. The constitution was read and adopted, after which it was decided to give a reception to the Senior Class. A social committee consisting of Medary Stark, Mabel Felger, Walter Jelliff, Katherine Dirlam and Seymour Cline was appointed to take charge of the affair, which will come off about the first of March.

February 6th, the class met to sign the constitution. The reports of Ralph Yardley, chairman of the pin committee, and Marie Brumfield of the color committee were received.



The Sophomore Class met in Mr. Hall's room, Monday, Feb. 9th, and organized. This is the third class of the school to organize. The officers elected are Grant Cooke, President; Chas. Barton, Vice-President; Bertha Barr, Secretary; Ralph Fox, Treasurer and Miriam Hedges, Sergeant-at-Arms. A committee was appointed to draw up a constitution. The committee consists of Arthur Marwic, chairman, Bea Wolf, Fred Proctor, Gertrude Abbott and Jere Cave.

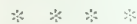


The Athletic Association recently met for the purpose of electing a vice-president to take the place of Lynne Cunningham who has left school. Medary Stark was elected to fill the vacancy. Mr. Anderson reported that he had a bill from Geo. Holm & Bros. of thirty-five cents for card board. The bill was ordered paid.

The constitution committee, consisting of Messrs. Anderson, Tanner, Brown and Platt, was instructed to prepare its report at an early date.



The Apollo Quartet on account of its faithful work in the school, has been granted the name of "Mansfield High School Quartet." The Quartet has sung at several outside entertainments. The personal at present is Ray Cahall, first tenor; Wilson Tanner, second tenor; Malcolm Platt, first bass; Jacob Old, second bass. The other quartet has disbanded.



The Seniors have had several meetings to plan the sleigh ride and to select colors and pins. On the 21st of January the class selected colors and a committee was appointed to select pins. The colors chosen are red and gold. Lynne Cunningham, Portia Mengert and Margaret Seward were appointed. After Cunningham left school Charles Jelliff was appointed in his place. A diamond shaped pin was adopted after much discussion as the class were about evenly divided between it and a stellate hexagon.

A GEOMETRIC DINNER MENU.

Definition on Half Shell.

Isosceles Soup.

Boiled Legs of Right Triangles.

Roast Axioms.

Corollary Sauce.

Fricassee of Polygons.

Axiom l'parallels a la Triangles.

Homologous Salad.

Canvas Back Theorems.

Scalene Pie.

Rhomboid Cream.

Rhombus Cake. Salted Exercises.

Right Triangles. Straight Angles.

Les Originales.

To aid digestion, take Anderson's Favorite Prescription—a few minutes after school.

—Exchange.





Grinds



We all notice that Nellie McCormick has been in very good humor. To see old friends sometimes has a good effect.



Mary Parsons has informed us of the fact since she has been studying Virgil that there are "future" ancestors.



Miss Hill—"In one sense these are all devils down here."

Scholars—"Ha! Ha!"

Miss Hill—"Don't be so willing to receive a compliment."



Jeanne—"Having slid down a suspended rope."

Also—"Aunt Thusnelda very greatly enraged went up and down in the room."



Florence—"That island floated round in the sea."



Florence Sawhill—"Wir gehen mit dem Schlaf nach Deutschland."



Life is real, life is earnest,
And it might be more sublime.
If we were not kept busy
Studying Latin all the time.



When Mr. Anderson talks of drawing lines at random, our thoughts revert to the days of Mr. Schnepf.

Leila F. wants her money's worth even if she is taking strychnine.

✱

Ask Marie B. about the Backbone Parliament.

✱

Mr. Anderson urged us to make a further study at home of Pi, which we did to our stomach's sorrow and the doctor's joy.

✱

Walter J. (to Ed C. with X-ray in Physics lab.) "Now Ed look through my head."

Ed—"Oh, I can't, you're too dense."

✱

When Miss Hill told us that joke about "woman's paraphernalia," we, at first, thought it was a witty slip of the tongue, but when we found out that she had told it to the other class first, it certainly lost its humor. Why?

✱

There once was a young man named Angle,
His girl was a maid very fine,
They once had an awful wrangle,
But not coming home from Crestline.

✱

Ask Marguerite about limburger cheese.

✱

Did someone say that Mabel was studying too hard?

✱

When you hear Ahem! Medary is going to recite.

✱

Mr. Hall (to Roy Carl)—"Let me see, is your name Carl or Croft?"

✱

(Tower Clock—One-Two-Three.)

Miss Brown, as noise of shutting books is heard—"Now just open your books and keep on studying."

We always do (?) as we're t-i-r-e-d.

"Oh! wad the Pow'r the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as ithers see us."

—Frank Mahurin.

✱

"Ring out wild bells, to the wild sky,
I'm next man up, I'm not prepared;
Miss Hill just scowled and at me stared,
Ring out wild bells and let me fly.
Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring happy bells and save a "flunk."
"Next!" My head swims, down I've sunk
They rang too late—(they always do)."

✱

Harvey (translating German)—"I am the our daughter."

✱

Inez K. informed us the other day that we were held be Cæsar.

✱

Miss Ruess is very attentive to her German recitations, especially since Frances M. declined the plural of ich—du, deiner, dir, dich.

✱

Lillie L.'s low sweet voice can not penetrate Miss Brown's dull ears; there is danger of her straining her voice.

✱

"We grant that though he has much wit,
He is very shy at using it," (Maybe.)

Grant Cooke.

✱

Jesse says he's ready but we think he is always "Reddy."

✱

What are those little pieces of paper that are always flying between Yeita H. and Evangeline P. in History.

✱

Cupid has one advantage, he has no laundry bills to pay.



THE MOCCASIN.

Homer H. calls Ethel Weaver, "Rum-
mage Sale."

Barton (in Latin)—"I didn't get this very
well." Miss B. : "What?"

Ask Bob Soyez if he likes to talk to Mt.
Gilead over the phone. It is a good thing,
phone kisses are tasteless.

Phil and Paul went down the hall
To take a test in history,
Phil fell through with 32,
And what Paul got's a mystery.

Miss H.—"You say this army was des-
troyed in the Sahara desert. How was it an-
nihilated?"

Edith Morris—"By a snow storm."

Jere did justice to Miss Hughes' training
but Hiss Snyder did not appreciate it.

Cecelia bath music in her "sole."

Mildred is in love "with herself."

Miss Hughes made Miller stand up so she
could see him. Is that the reason she stands
up during recitation.

Ask Pearl what happened her in the cloak
room the other day.

If any teacher wishes to be set crazy he
should see the D r's recite Physical Geography.

We would advise Willard Z. to talk on
the lesson topic.

Howard always makes good criticisms on
other people's work, but how about his own?

Miss Brown announces the astonishing
fact that "Omnes viri amant meam."

Miss Brown—"What do you want to look
up at the library?"

Miss Hughes' motto—"A laugh is worth
a hundred groans."

The future tense denoting past time is
found in Mamie Wendling's grammar.

Mamie F. (translating)—"Your dog looks
just like me."

The D's should have a benefit to get Tan-
ner a new Physical Geography.

Rubie has been reproved: "and therefore"
—thinks. Rubie—"I must talk hereafter."

Miss Simpson advises us not to read the
"Samantha Allen" stories as they are not ele-
vating. We wonder how she acquired the
knowledge.

Since he has joined the orchestra, Bill
Fritz has learned to play the Oriental two-
step by heart. It seems as though he never
tires of it, but the members do.

We wonder why Harry, Ray and Boyd
study so hard.





At last our exchanges are coming in, some good, some bad, some indifferent. But on the whole the exchanges are better than those of recent years.

* * *

Old Hughes, of Hughes High School, Cincinnati, is a new visitor, and a welcome one too. From the number of full page ads, it must have a hustling business manager.

* * *

Maroon and Cream, of O. M. I., is a good paper. It's O. M. I.—tenis column is quite unique. Editorials might have a more appropriate place than the first page. It is to be congratulated on having every student a subscriber.

* * *

Too short, Atlantis, too short.

* * *

The Blue Stocking is a very good paper, especially well put up. Like to see you again, Blue Stocking.

The Racquet is very good in a literary way.

* * *

Glad to see you Ottumwa High School Argus. You are pleasant to meet.

* * *;

"A Deal on 'Change" in Cleveland C. H. S. Monthly, is very good.

* * *

The Rayen Record is one of the neatest papers on our exchange list.

* * *

The Red & White, of Elizabeth, N. J., has editorials on first page, and ads mixed with reading matter.

* * *

Echoes, of Joplin High School, is a good paper. Type a little large to be neat.

* * *

A few cuts wouldn't hurt you, Argus, of Richmond, Ind.

The Comus, Zanesville, Ohio, presents a very pleasant appearance, which might be improved by a few cuts.

* * *

X-Ray, of West Bay City, has ads at top of pages. Careless in letting in four extra pages. Otherwise very good.

* * *

High School Review, Boone, Iowa, must be hard up for copy when it runs the names of its students.

* * *

We don't understand your little remark about our cover, Hetuck.

* * *

The High School Review, of Hamilton, O., is a good, strong paper. It is one of the few papers with a marked individuality about its make-up. The literary department and the cover of its Christmas issue are especially good.

* * *

The Latin School Register is a good paper, but is without an exchange column. We read your editorial, but still think that as you take advantage of others' exchange column, you ought to give others the advantage of such a column in your paper.

* * *

The High School Journal, of Pittsburg, is very large, and as good as it is large. We would like to know if it is the organ of one or more High Schools in Pittsburg.

* * *

The Retina, of Toledo High School, is strong in its literary department and its cover is very good. Might do better than mix ads in with the reading matter.

* * *

The Krishno is very good in its art and literary departments, but the rest of the paper is a silly attempt at being funny. "A little humor," etc., is all very well, but there is a limit.

The only line of fine
up-to-date * *

MEERSCHAUM
and BRIAR PIPES

in the city.

Bowers & Mickley,

Bird Building.

A Comparison *

is invited at The BURKHOLDER STUDIO of the New Art Platinums with Folder Covers with those of the ordinary kind. They at once appeal to the tasteful and cultured. You are assured of the quality from the fact alone that they came from

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THIRD and MAIN STREETS.

Glasses relieve many forms of
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**The Leading
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Special Rates to Graduating Class
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For the Best Work
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Call and See Us.

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Rigby's Wm. Penn

King of Havana 10c. Cigars.

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5c. Cigar.

SELL AND SATISFY.

WALL PAPER

All New Spring Designs.

Call and see them.

CHAS. RITTER,

67 Main Street.

If a body meets a body,
Comin' through the hall,
Can't a body greet abody
Not at all, *at all* ?
Ne'er a little word of smile,
Not a one, *a one* ?
Must we always scamper by
On a little run ? —Ex.

* * *

Prof. (to young lady student), Your mark
is very low, and you have just passed.

Young Lady—Oh, I'm so glad !

Prof (surprised)—Why ?

Young Lady—I do so love a tight squeeze !
—Ex.

* * *

It is no bliss to miss a kiss:
But oh ! 'tis bliss to kiss a miss ;
But sometimes after you have kissed her,
You wish to thunder you had missed her.
—Ex.

* * *

Lives there a boy with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
As on his bed shown morning's light,
" I wish' the school burned down last night."
—Ex.

* * *

She met him in the darkened hall,
Said he, "I've brought some roses."
Her answer seemed irrelevant ;
It was, "How cold your nose is."
—Ex.

* * *

A well known chiropodist advertises: " I
have removed corns from almost all the crowned
heads of Europe."
—Ex.

* * *

Our ancestors, the monkeys, were educated
in the higher branches.
—Ed.

